

COLEMAN MILLER

Volume 2, No. 31

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, August 6, 1909

\$2 00 Yearly



Cabinet Cigar Store

AND

Barber Shop

We have the largest and most up-to-date stock in the Pass of
Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes
and Fancy Goods for
Smokers, at the very
Lowest Prices

There is no end to the varieties we carry

We have also added a repair
outfit to our business and we
are now prepared to mend any
pipe you can bring to us

M. E. GRAHAM, Pro.

THE Pastime Pool Room

Is the place to spend
your leisure hours. All
admit that more pleasure
is derived from a game of
Pool or Billiards than any
other indoor amusement.

We stock the highest
grades of imported Cigars
and Cigarettes.
Pipes, Tobaccos and
smokers sundries is complete.

We solicit a share of
your patronage.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD
Physician and Surgeon
Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd
Street.
Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

Some "Ifs" If you come
our way we will send
overflowing values your way. If you
leave a \$3 with us it is merely ex-
changing the money for its equivalent
in jewelry certainties. What we give
you will be as sound and genuine as
the money. If you are a careful
spender this store will appeal to you
on the score of economy. If you're
anxious to secure goods which aren't
afraid of the closest scrutiny this is
a good place to come. It is a good place
to come to for every reason that
makes one store better than another.
Glad to greet you at any time.

Alex. Cameron
Watchmaker, Optician
and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

E. Disney

Contractor and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall
Plaster, Coast Flooring,
Mouldings, Doors and
Windows always on
hand.

Lumber of all Kinds

T. Ede
BARBERSHOP, NOTARY PUBLIC
H. Airmore Alberta

COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of Interest in and
Around This Bustling Town.
You Are Talked About

We shall thank our readers for all items
of interest which they may be able to furnish
us for publication. "Phone 94A." P. O. Box 78.

E. C. Mathews has secured a per-
manent position with Mr. Haines in Blair
more.

D. J. Hill is having an outer coat of
dressed lumber put on his store and
residence.

James Scott of Calgary, has been
appointed master mechanic at the In-
ternational.

J. C. Carruthers, Leslie Hill and W.
S. Drewry were down here from Nel-
son last week.

This week, W. L. Oullette and W.
L. Bridgford have each a half page
advertisement.

Mrs. F. G. Graham who is visiting
friends in Nelson, will return to Cole-
man next Tuesday.

Work on the siding for the McGill-
liveray Creek Coal Co., is being rapidly
pushed to completion.

J. W. Powell will leave for Scrant-
on Penn., via the Great Lakes this
week and will be absent about three
months.

There was a troupe of players in
town Wednesday night, among other
things they had a number of pre-
tty girls.

L. A. Manly and family left this
week for Seattle to attend the Alaska-
Yukon Exposition. They will return
in about ten days.

Postmaster McIntyre returned to
town yesterday evening after spending
several months with parents and
friends at Penitence.

W. A. Davidson, chief engineer of
the International Coal Co., has been
appointed superintendent in place of
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GREAT IRON DISCOVERY

A Large Body of Magnetic Iron Ex-
posed, Situated Within Thirty
Miles of Coleman

RESULT IN MAKING A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE

A. S. Farquharson of the firm of Farquharson & Bois-
joli, Fernie, was in town Thursday on a business trip. Mr.
Farquharson with a number of others is the owner of twenty
claims on property carrying high grade ore.

Extensive prospecting has already been done and the as-
says run from 57 per cent. to 75 per cent. which ranks it as
the richest on the Pacific slope. As soon as a company is
formed the developing work will be commenced on a large
scale. Shipments also will be made as the location is within
easy access of a railroad.

The opening of this mine will mean much for Coleman.
With our already splendid coal and limestone properties the
outlook for foundries, rolling mills and various manufactur-
ing is the brightest.

TWO MORE RAILROADS COMING

Great Northern and Canadian Northern
Will Build Into
Coleman

RAILROAD ACTIVITY IN THE CROW'S NEST PASS

Spokane, Wash. Aug. 6th.—The Crow's Nest Pass district of
Alberta and British Columbia is yearly showing itself as the
source of the world's greatest soft coal supply. Each season
sees one or more coal veins opened up and worked by mining
companies to a profit. The increasing tonnage of railroads en-
tering what is commonly known as "The Crows" amply evi-
dences the increasing output of the mines. The C. P. R., the
first of the great transcontinental railroads to enter this district;
built its Crow's Nest Pass railroad in 1897-98. James J. Hill has
since reached the mines through the British Columbia, Southern
R. R., constructed in the year of 1902. Only within the last few
months D. C. Corbin, builder of the Spokane Falls & Northern
Railroad, and lately the Spokane International, has built a line
beginning at McGillivray and running south to his coal mines,
later to be extended to the extreme boundary line. This rush
for coal will no doubt be redoubled when the tariff, now before
the U. S. government, goes into effect, and the opportunity to
get coal is open to all the American transcontinental railroads
as well as the Canadian lines now being built. Certain it is
that the railroads must have coal and therefore activity in rail-
road construction to the mines of the Crow's Nest district must
increase each year.

For some little time past several surveying crews have been
in the field about two miles west of Coleman, and rumors have
it that the Great Northern or some other transcontinental rail-
road is about to enter the Crow's Nest Pass. The charter now
held by the Canadian Northern R. R., indicates that Coleman, or
some point to the west nearby, will be the terminus of the
branch line which they will build to tap the Crow's Nest coal
deposits. It is a well known fact that the Great Northern and
Canadian Northern are working together and something can
undoubtedly be looked forward to in the matter of through
train service over these roads.

Echos From Frank

Dr. Porteous returned east Saturday
last on the flyer.

We are glad to say that J. H. Far-
mer has now recovered from his ac-
cident.

Joe Furshong, the late barber, was
in town the weeks end, renewing old
acquaintances.

E. S. Stanfield, professor of metal-
lurgy at McGill university, Montreal,
visited this neighborhood this week
and, collecting samples of coal for coke-
ing tests with good results.

Mr. Red, the tomcat artist, is cer-
tainly going in for music as he Watson's
house days—suff said. He is also about
to open up a barber shop in Hillcrest.
We wish him every success.

The constructing engineer at the
Canadian American Coal Co., Mr.
Caloman, from France, is over on a
visit of inspection. Mr. Flimtot, di-
rector of the West Canadian Coal Co.,
is also over inspecting.

NELSON'S MARBLE STRUCTURE

The visitor to Nelson cannot but re-
mark on the dignified appearance of
its court-house and the Methodist
church. These two buildings are con-
structed of marble quarried from W.
G. Gillett's quarry at Ksalo. The work-
manship is of the highest quality and
is certainly a credit to the city of
Nelson.

Mr. Gillett has a large door and sash
factory, where he also handles all
other builder's supplies. Large ship-
ments of these goods can be made at
the shortest notice and at prices as
reasonable as those in Calgary.

THE THEATRE

The Wards-Farum company played in
the opera house last night to a
small but appreciative audience.
Miss Ward, the star actress, was all
that was claimed of her and more.
The applause which greeted her was
genuine. The attendance dampened the
rader of the players. The company
will return next fall with a full com-
plement of first-class players.

POWELL AND STAFFORD FETED

And Presented With Valuable
Gifts by Fellow Workmen and
Others—Leave Coleman

Among other items in connection
with the departure of J. W. Powell,
was the dinner and presentation made
him by the official staff of the com-
pany at the Coleman hotel, on Sat-
urday evening last. The committee,
presided over by M. Bosworth, decid-
ed on making the general superintendent
a present of a valuable gold watch,
suitably inscribed, and a silver
tea service to Mrs. Powell. Besides
Mr. Powell was also the recipient of a
gold watch from the miners, a gold P.
C. jewel by the K. P. Lodge and an
elegant chest of sterling silverware by
the miners of Coleman.

When the dinner was first decided
upon, it was not known that D. G.
Stafford, Master mechanic, intended
to leave, but, on these facts becoming
known, the staff decided to give Mr.
Stafford a memento also, and he was
presented with a pair of diamond cuff
links. J. Hilling made the presenta-
tion in a most able manner.

O. E. S. Whiteside, who presided at
the dinner, made a most eloquent speech
concluding the service of Messrs. Pow-
ell and Stafford. Both gentlemen,
(who were evidently affected by the
warm regard shown them) answered
in a most able manner.

A feature of the evening was the
programme rendered by W. G. Norris,
J. W. Powell, J. Hilling, D. E.
Roberts and H. Clark.
The miners employed by the Inter-
national Coal & Coke Co., gave a con-
cert and dance in their hall on Mon-
day evening last in honor of J. W.
Powell. A large crowd was in attend-
ance. J. A. Price occupied the chair.
At this gathering the miners pre-
sented J. W. Powell with a chest of
sterling silverware. While this was
going on Mr. O. F. and the
miners were singing and dancing.
The latter gathering D. G. Stafford was
presented with a P. F. G. collar and
jewel and Mrs. Stafford was presented
with a handsome silver salad dish.

The MINES joins with Messrs Pow-
ell and Stafford's many friends in wish-
ing them all happiness and prosperity
in their new fields of labor.

DEBENTURES SOLD

The school debentures which were
placed on the market were sold this
week. The trustees estimated that
the new addition of four rooms would
cost \$10,000, as the debentures were
placed at this figure.

There were three different bids viz
Hornbrook and Whitmore, of Calgary
at 64 par, McMahon and Hellewell
at 9,888 at 5%, and Mr. J. H. Farmer,
of Frank, for \$9,925, at 5%. That of Mr.
Farmer's was accepted.

The new school when completed
will have accommodation for three
hundred pupils, while one room will
be used for a High school department.
The work of construction is well un-
der way.

FOR RENT.—Two rooms in the
Cameron Block.

ANOTHER REFERENCE TO THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

The recent utterances of Messrs
Fielding and Thompson on the ques-
tion of the construction of the Hudson
Bay Railway in the near future has
again brought the intended project in-
to the limelight. We have their di-
rect statements that this road will be
commenced as soon as the Grand
Trunk Pacific is completed. And as
the Grand Trunk has now enough
funds to guarantee its completion
within eighteen months, we may rea-
sonably expect that the Hudson Bay
road will be commenced within two
years.

With the Grand Trunk and the
Hudson Bay route completed, Laurier
and the Liberal party will not lay down
the reins of government without bestow-
ing on this country benefits that will
redound to their credit for two gener-
ations.

Apart from argument that the Hud-
son Bay route is not navigable for the
greater part of the year, we have the
facts staring us in the face, that the
country intervening between the coast
and the terminus will be opened and
settled with another million farmers.
An area peopled with a million fam-
ers is a tremendous factor in the
growth of a nation. The Liberal party
intends to carry this project through
and for our part it cannot be construc-
ted too soon.

ACCIDENT AT THE INTERNATIONAL

J. Emerson, Paul Alonson and Otto
Sorenson were badly hurt in No. 2 yester-
day afternoon. It is not known
whether the men will recover or not.
The accident was caused by a cave-in
while putting up a post.

W. G. Gillett

Contractor and Builder

Turned Work and Brackets, Coast
Lath and Shingles, Rough and
Dressed Lumber, Cement, Brick
and Lime always in stock. Store
Fronts and Office Fittings, etc. a
Specialty. Estimates given for
Stone, Brick and all kinds of work.
Moving and raising Buildings and
setting Pile Glass guaranteed
against damage.

Marble Quarry
All kinds of Stone furnish for
Building purposes on application
Sash and Door Factory and Yards,
Vernon Street, East of H. C.

Nelson — B. C.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the part-
nership heretofore existing between
Frank Manifold & Frank Demousties
carrying on business as General Mer-
chants, at Blairmore, Alberta, under
the name of Blairmore Grocery Store;
was this day dissolved by mutual
consent.

All debts owing to the said partner-
ship to be paid to Frank Manifold, and
all claims against the said partnership
are to be presented to the said Frank
Manifold, by whom the same will be
settled.

Dated at Blairmore, Alberta, this
26th day of July, 1909.

Frank Manifold,
Frank Demousties

We carry a full line of Hard-
ware, House Furniture, Crock-
ery, Fishing Tackle and all
kinds of sportsmen's outfits.

Our prices, are reasonable
and our goods strictly first-
class

Plumbing a Specialty.

Coleman Hardware Co.

HER CONQUERING FAITH

It Overcame the Scheming of a Selfish Sister.

By ARABELLA NAMBYTH.
(Copyright, 1916, by Associated Literary Press.)

The indisputable fact which has so often sadly surprised people that two and two will not make five was staring the Aslan girls in the face.

It was a year after the death of their father, and many evasions and putting off of the fatal day had gone for naught. They were face to face with the knowledge that they could no longer afford to keep up the old family home and, moreover, must do something to atone for their father's sins.

"In some way," said Regina, looking up rather wearily from her pencil and paper—"in some way we've got to have money. We've got to go to work."

Regina was the eldest of the Aslan girls, a dark hair and a firm chin which always amazed people by the dimple they discovered in it. Regina was the one who always did things in the family. Nobody had ever taken time to call her a beauty, so she had never quite realized the fact that she came very close to being one and could devote her leisure to the study of the rebelious dark hair and a firm chin which always amazed people by the dimple they discovered in it. Regina was the one who always did things in the family. Nobody had ever taken time to call her a beauty, so she had never quite realized the fact that she came very close to being one and could devote her leisure to the study of the rebelious dark hair and a firm chin which always amazed people by the dimple they discovered in it.

Of course with Esther it was different. From the time her first puff of golden hair had made itself manifest and her big blue eyes had first glanced appealingly at humanity it had been decided that Esther was a beauty, and the decision had clung to her through life, though at maturity it is doubtful if she would have been thought more than an ordinarily good looking fresh young girl had not those around her been so educated in the other view.

But as a beauty Esther had always been well on and put forward, and even when time went on and girlish petulance and fickleness and caprice degenerated into pettishness and selfish inconsiderateness nobody ever expected Esther to do anything but excel.

And now she was thirty, for in spite of belated men who had wooed her seriously had been few—still her aspirations, beneath her consideration. At her sister's feet Esther drew her works together feebly.

"Work," she said. "You are ridiculous! It's all very well for you to talk, but how could I work? What could I do? Regina?"

She hesitated a little, for there was something in the straight browed face meditatively surveying her as though she were seen for the first time that told her pause. "Regina—if you would—it would be very easy for you to do for me."

The voice died away before the sparkle of anger in the dark face across the table. Regina bit her lip before she spoke in a repressed voice.

"I won't pretend to misunderstand you," she said. "It's like you to propose offering something else than yourself! Understand once for all that I'll never marry Dr. Brightlight. He is selfish, he has a cruel and vindictive nature, with all his surface and polish, and he is sixty years old."

"Also he owns the most magnificent country place in the state and is a millionaire," breathed Esther, as her sister stopped. "Really, Regina, for a grownup person you are dreadfully silly! I'm sure Dr. Brightlight is no worse than lots of men, and think what you'd have!"

"Which you, of course, would share," said Regina coldly. Her face took on an immobile expression as she looked down at her sister. "Understand, I'll never marry him. I'll find work, I'll be Neal Maxwell!" the older girl flashed angrily. "You'd be glad of the chance if you weren't eating your heart out for a man who throws you over and never cares anything for you!"

But Regina had swept from the room, her head in the air, her hands clutching mechanically the papers covered with their rows of discouraging figures.

She was hurt as only a proud person can be hurt, and the sure knowledge deep in her heart that Neal Maxwell had indeed, beyond all doubt, cared for her, in spite of the opinion voiced by her sister and shared, as Regina knew, by nearly all her acquaintances in the town, did not help much in bearing the taunt.

It was a year since Neal had gone abroad as foreign representative for his firm and eleven months since his letters had stopped abruptly, without warning. Her two letters of inquiry bringing no response, pride had stepped in and she had made no further effort to hear from him beyond learning from his firm he was alive and well.

And when he left they had been engaged. The courtship had been a long one, and Neal had not intended to marry one another, so many had been the years of their more than friendship. In spite of the indignation and her secret pride in spite of his mysterious neglect, Regina still clung to the feeling that, wherever he was, whatever had happened, Neal still must care for her just as day must follow night.

And she was of too strong a nature to seek to cover her flitting by accepting the man who had haunted her footsteps for the last year. Dr. Brightlight, whom she instinctively disliked and steadily shunned, to the furious exasperation of Esther. This had not been the first difference they had had upon the subject.

This night she was tired, very tired, and discouraged. Sympathy, understanding of help from Esther she felt

she never could expect. The work, the shallowness, that were her sister's were forcing themselves on her recognition against her will.

If only Esther had been of a different mold—their situation would even now be vastly improved. Encouragement and energy at her elbow would have given Regina the strength of ten.

Instead there was bitterness, complaint and reproach weighing her down, and beneath it all the old longing for Neal, the hurt wonder that he could have lied her!

Sunk in her thoughts, absentmindedly making preparation for the night, Regina stood for several minutes staring at what she had uncovered at the bottom of the long utility box on her dresser without a complete realization of what the discovery meant.

First it dawned on her bewildered mind that the box was blue instead of pink, as it should have been. Then it was blue it belonged in the next room on Esther's dresser. The woman who had swept and cleaned for them that day had probably missed it.

And at the bottom of the blue box, under all the handkerchiefs and ribbons which Regina had mechanically rearranged in her search for a particular ribbon, lay, with a rubber band binding them, the last two letters she had written to Neal Maxwell inquiring as to his silence. He had, he had, of course, never answered.

Regina leaned against the dresser, breathing heavily, clutching the letters, trying to think of the face that looked out at her from the mirror with white with excitement. Some one had kept her letters from reaching Neal—some one!

In the doorway stood Esther, still petulant from the scene downstairs. As she walked toward her sister Regina turned and faced her silently, the letters in her outstretched palm.

With a little gasp Esther crumpled into a chair and began to cry in a frightened way.

"It did it for your own good," Esther said. "Neal never will be rich, and even when we need so much! I thought I thought you'd see how much better a position Dr. Brightlight could give you—I thought you'd forget—I wrote Neal you were going to marry the doctor and hadn't courage to tell him yourself and that you did not want to hear from him again. I—I got your letters both times by taking them from the drop while I asked you to get stamps or cards at the window—do you remember?—I—I did it because I thought you would be happier, Regina."

The tall, stern girl, standing like an avenging goddess, looking down on the hysterical, weak wail, huddled in the chair, did not speak for some minutes.

"Why didn't you destroy them when you got them?" she asked, abruptly. "I didn't dare," was the answer. "I was afraid it was the doctor's letter."

The faint flicker of humor which swept Regina's face even in her moment of righteous wrath spread to her generous heart.

"We won't talk about it again, Esther," she said quietly. "You'd better go to bed. And now—now I'm going to write to Neal."

Called His Bluff.

A young woman of smart wit and striking beauty presided at one of the stalls at a Paris charity bazaar. Among the small crowd which pressed round the fair, a young man, a young man of good assurance, who gazed upon the girl with freedom and affection to admire the various fancy articles exposed for sale, but bought nothing.

"What will you please to buy?" asked mademoiselle, with an exquisite smile.

"Oh," replied the young dandy, with a laughing look, "what I most wish to buy is unappetizing for sale."

"Tell me what you wish?" she responded.

"No, no; I dare not declare my wishes."

"Nevertheless let me know what you wish to buy," persisted the fair saleswoman.

"Well, then, since you demand it, I should like a ringlet of your glossy black hair."

She manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors immediately clipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the astonished youth, remarking that the price was only 500 francs.

Her audacious mimicry was thunder-struck with the demand, but dared not demur, as by this time a group had collected and were listening to the conversation. So he took the hair, paid over the money and left the hall.

The Man in the Rain.

"Men," said a fashionable tailor, "are much more particular about their clothes than women. They want to be people realize this fact. Take a man in a light gray suit caught in a shower. Does he go blithely on, heedless of the elements? No. He seeks the nearest shelter and remains there till the downpour has stopped absolutely. But it is his straw hat that a man takes most care to preserve. I have seen men in pouring torrents hurrying along, bareheaded, but their straw hats carefully concealed beneath their coats. Did you ever see a woman go to a shower carries her hat sort of casually at arm's length at side as she goes? No. She would rather be soaked than lose her hat. And how often do we see them holding newspapers over their heads. Ever see a woman do that? No. Somewhere women seem to be able to go through a shower without making conspicuous figures of themselves. They are always serene, never troubled, and they never seem to get as wet as men do."—London Answers.

ARTILLERYMEN.

They Were Once Regarded as Mechanics, Not Soldiers.

Until the time of Charles XII. of Sweden the artillery was not considered a part of the army. The men serving in it were not soldiers, but regarded as mechanics. The officers had no army rank. Charles XII. gave artillery a rank and position, and organized the artillery into companies.

The battle of Poltava demonstrated the superiority of the gun in the hands of the Spanish infantry. The musket carried a two ounce ball and sometimes brought down at one fire two or three mailed knights. The French sent a flag of truce to remonstrate against the use of such barbarous weapons.

Alexander had four kinds of cavalry—the cataphract, or heavy armed horse; the light cavalry, carrying spears and very light armor; the acrobalante, or mounted archer, used for outpost, patrol and reconnoitering duty, and the dimache, or troops equipped to act either as cavalry or infantry.

The two different species of the phalanx, the spears interlocked and shields overlapping. After the first onset the spears were dropped, and the day was decided with the sword. The cavalry struck the enemy in the rear if possible and in case of victory undertook the pursuit.—Pearson's Weekly.

When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.

Zam-Buk is made from pure herbals essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer! Druggists and Stores everywhere.

The Right Place.

A pretty young English woman seated at dinner next to Father Healy, the witty Irish priest, said to him:

"They tell me, Father Healy, that you have no mistletoe in your country."

"Is that so, my dear young lady? Now I think of it, I believe it is true."

"Then what do the boys and girls do at Christmas time without it?"

"It is kissing you mean, my dear? Sure they do it under the nose!"—Tit-Bits.

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.

When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pain and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parment's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

"Do you believe hell is paved with good intentions?"

"Well, if the job has been performed by some of the modern contractors I think that must be the condition."—Scranton Tribune.

It is an undisputed fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bunch of house flies. Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads will kill them all.

"What with whooping-cough, measles and all that, Cogan the fare, but certainly they are," interrupted the second traveller. "I don't know how we should get along without them."

"Ah, you're a family man, too?"

"No; a doctor."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Rheumatism.

Berkowitz and Sternberg, travelling salesmen, met on the train.

"I've just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg.

"Of course you don't know, but what do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of what?"

"Why, half of what you say."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Fee of Indigestion.—Indigestion is the Duke of Indigestion and grows to a point and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parment's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action.

For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

A Cruel Blow.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, said in the course of a brilliant after-dinner speech in Cleveland:

"Laziness is a responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what height might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled.

"We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super, said the stage manager one night. 'I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter, 'The carriage waits, my lord.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.

"More study! More study!" he groaned.—Cleveland Leader.

"Liz, the cook-lady, according to the Louisville Courier-Journal, was observed to be donning her joyful raiment and setting out adorned with a festive scheme of decoration that cannot be described, but was striking, say the least. Her destination was inquired into. 'Why, home,' she said, 'Liz, Liz, Liz, she replied, 'Mah lodge is going to catch de remains to the cemetery.' 'Why all the gorgeous attire, then, 'Liz?' she was asked. 'Liz, Liz, Liz, she replied, 'Dis yere pahly we is tuhbin' out fuh was a lady, and don't you s'pose she wants de decorations to be scrumptious.'"

One Request.

Medium—Is there any question you would like to ask your first wife? Sister—Yes; I would like to ask her to give my second wife her recipe for "silence."

Zam-Buk

When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.

Zam-Buk is made from pure herbals essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer! Druggists and Stores everywhere.

When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!

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His Fixed Income

A Southern congressman, who formerly practiced law in Mississippi, tells of an amusing case he once tried in that state. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, a Col. Martin, who figured in local politics.

The main figure in the trial was a lady, darkly named Dick Sutton, arrested at the instance of his wife, who alleged that he contributed nothing to her support and refused to work.

During the examination of Sutton the young lawyer asked:

"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

Sutton was puzzled by the term. Counsel explained the expression meant a certain money paid not for old jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which one could absolutely rely.

Upon the conclusion of counsel's remarks the lady's face brightened.

"I think I have, a fixed income, said he.

"And what is this fixed income?" was the next question.

"Well, sah," answered Dick with a broad grin in the direction of Col. Martin, "de colonel dere allows me \$100 dollars and a sack of flour on 'lection day!'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The worthy parents of a sophomore at college were one day disputing as to the date of their last letter to their hopeful, from whom, somewhat to the distress of the mother and the indifference of the father, they had not heard for some time.

"Are you sure, Thomas?" asked the mother, unconvinced, "that it was on the twelfth that you last wrote to Dick?"

"Absolutely," was the old man's decisive response. "I looked it up in my cheque book this morning."

Sandy and Maggie.

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length, "wasn't I here on Sabbath night?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

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"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

An Impressionist

"And to think," cried the artist, "that this picture, this great work of art—though I say it—was rejected by that decrepit and fat-headed pretentious Royal Academy!"

"It's a shame," agreed the pretty young lady who stood by his side, regarding the masterpiece. "I think it is a lovely picture, Mr. Splashleigh. It fairly makes my mouth water, it is so realistic!"

Splashleigh dropped his paint brush. "Mouth water?" he exclaimed.

"How, Mr. Mount Vesuvius in eruption make your mouth water?"

"Yes, yes; of course I, Mr. Mount Vesuvius! How stupid of me!" replied the lady. "For a moment I thought it was a rum omelette!"—London Sphere.

Miss Chatterbox—It surprises me to see what a small man your brother is. He's no more than half your size, Mr. Father—Yes; but he's only my half brother, you know.—Judge.

George—Do you believe the woman ever lived who could truly say to her lover that he was the first man she had ever kissed?

Mudge—Yes; Eve.—Judge.

There's No Use In Being Poor and Looking Poor

Watch for our Exhibit in the North Manufacturers' Building and see how your weather-beaten brain would look with a coat of color!

'COLORSTAIN'

The cheapest and most beautiful decorative for old, weather-worn unpainted buildings.

Carbon Oil Works, Limited,

WINNIPEG, CANADA.



The Best Wheat, the Cleanest and Most Modern Mills and Skilled Millers combine to give

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

those baking qualities which make it the choice of good housekeepers everywhere, for they find it

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION

Your grocer sells it or can get it for you and we are sure you will enjoy using it.

Our six mills at Winnipeg, Fort William and Montreal have a daily capacity of Fifteen Thousand Barrels.

We also make Rolled Oats, Wheat Granules, &c., for Breakfast use.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

in

SHOE POLISH

shines instantly at the first rub or two of the brush or cloth.

Will not rub off. Is waterproof. Softens and preserves the leather. No substitute even half as good.</

41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets In--

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE.

FRANK.

BLAIRMORE.

COLEMAN.

and MICHEL, British Columbia

Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

PACIFIC HOTEL

Mrs. J. McAlpine
Proprietress

TEMPERANCE HOTEL

Is the place to stop when
in town. Good accommo-
dations for travellers. We
have a large sample room.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms

Table unsurpassed in the West

Hotel Coleman

MUTZ & McNEIL, Proprietors

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Daily

Special Rates Given by the Month

Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe

and guaranteed

Sparkling Wines

Scotch Whiskey

Brandy

Gin

Ports

Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day

COLEMAN MINER

Published by The Foothills Job Print and News

Company, Limited

Subscription \$2 per Year in Advance

Advertising Rates on application

J. D. S. BARRETT, Editor and Manager

Coleman, Friday, August 6, 1909

THE NEW PURCHASERS

The COLEMAN MINER and the entire property of The Foothills Job Print & News Co., Limited, have just passed from the hands of H. E. Lyon and others to a company headed by J. D. S. Barrett, as president and business manager and T. B. Brandon, as editor and secretary.

The new party will retain the old company's name but they expect in the near future to enlarge on the name of the Coleman newspaper and call it the Coleman Miner and Carbondale Advocate.

The new owners expect to enlarge the plant and make it as much up-to-date as any printing plant between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast.

OUR NEW EDITOR

Immediately after the publication of this week's issue of the MINER, J. D. S. Barrett, the present editor, will vacate the editorial chair when it will be filled by a very talented and forceful writer and a successful newspaper man, in the person of T. B. Brandon.

Mr. Brandon is a son of J. Brandon, M. D., of Ancaster, Ont., and a brother of Dr. J. V. Brandon, who is well known throughout this district, having practiced for a long while at Blairmore.

Mr. Brandon has successfully managed and edited many popular and well-read magazines and newspapers, among them being The Lillooet Prospector, The Dominion Magazine, and The Canadian, and although quite young in the world he is one of the sunniest and ablest writers in the west which his many successful years of newspaper work have proven beyond a doubt.

It therefore gives us great pleasure to introduce to our many readers a journalist of Mr. T. B. Brandon's high standing who will preside over this paper's favorable future.

In quitting the position which we have held for nearly a year we are reminded of the many kindnesses rendered us by our town folk, and we take this opportunity of thanking one and all for such, although we must confess that we have greatly lacked the ability to make the MINER what it should have been. We bespeak a continuation of all such help to our successor. Remember that, "He who gives quickly gives twice."

THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE

This important problem that is proving such a disturbing factor of late in the motherland has extended to every corner of the empire. It is more than a question of eight dreadnoughts, it is a challenge from over the seas without any siren notes attached. While the statesmen of the Empire are gathered together like doctors in consultation they should consider that the dose they prescribe is intended for fore more than present need. It is may be better though, as Sir Edward Grey says, a year should elapse before building on a tremendous scale pending later improved inventions. Yet something has got to be done, either disarm or prepare for war. And is Germany favorably disposed towards disarmament? Quite decidedly no. The whole German nation has Anglophobia in

its worst stage. With Britain humbled the Germanization of the world would be only a question of time. It is hard to predict, but the writer firmly believes that the greatest struggle for the mastery of the world, since Napoleonic times will come within five years. It certainly behooves every Anglo-Saxon state to prepare if their identity as a world race and a world influence shall remain as it is.

A consolidated confederation of the states of the British Empire should from an iron bulwark that cannot fall. But over confidence has been the cause of many downfalls and history invariably repeats itself. The German's ridicule our crews claiming they are neither trained or capable of fighting on a modern warship. Britain's future should not for one moment be placed in jeopardy by any hostile designs of any hostile power. Every Anglo-Saxon with true Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins should share his part in making impregnable the position of our empire thus eliminating any thoughts on the part of a hostile nation of attacking the heart of our empire.

ADVANCEMENT

Advancement is allied to success, hand in hand they mark the onward progress that is attained by individuals and corporations in any cause of any town. Although success may be obtained by means and ways not altogether laudable yet it is not lasting nor popular, for is not success dependent on principles that have become imbued in the popular mind?

The advancement of any town then or any person will be measured, in nine cases out of ten, by the application and study of principles that will ultimately lead them to look beyond themselves. With only a narrow vision we see only narrow objects or certain limited ends in view. A broadened and almost unlimited end in view necessitates broadened ideas and methods.

In particular with Coleman then only those ideas or methods should be entertained which hold in view the larger end in view viz: the advancement of the town along lines that will in an inconceivable short time place her in a position that will be envied by every other town in the Pass. This action eliminates all desire on the part of individuals to build up the town for selfish motives rather than for pure civic pride.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Blessed are the peaceful readers.

Time and tide waits for the advertising man.

With two unions in the Pass we ought to be in a blissful state.

Our new serial on the vastness of the future," is not completed yet.

This town will never have to advertise, "WANTED OPPORTUNITIES."

What another labor temple! Friends and countrymen behold it is for thee.

The pen is mightier than the sword when it comes to murdering English phrases.

No, Mr. Movie Leader frogs don't die when they croak, but swans do when they sing.

"We will control our own naval expenditures," rightly hath spoken our Brodeur.

The Toronto Mail and Empire, the Winnipeg Telegram and the Hamilton Spectator in their jingo imperialistic dreadnought effusions put one in mind of the Canadian concertino "constant screamer."

W. L. Ouimette

Headquarters for Fine Clothing

"QUALITY"

Every
20th
Century

"QUALITY"



Suit or Top Coat bears the 20th Century stitched in the breast pocket. But you don't need to look for the label—you can pick out these garments anywhere by their superior style, fit and finish.

When we sell you a 20th Century Suit, the deal is satisfactory to all concerned. We have the satisfaction of knowing the goods will please you, and you have the satisfaction of knowing they are the best you can buy.



10 Piece Toilet Set \$3.50

Decorated with natural colored flowers. This set is a favorite and extra value at the price. Ewer, basin, hot water jug, brush vase, mug, covered chamber and soap dish with drainer.

Creamery Butter

Red Deer Brand, superior to any other on the market. Three pounds for \$1.00 TRY IT.

Linoleum

A variety of patterns and qualities at prices from 80c to \$2.25 a running yard, 8-14 width. A few remnants of Linoleum at giveaway prices.

Pajamas

Fine English Outing Flannel, with large white pearl buttons, pink and white, black and white, olive and white. Price \$3.00

Men's Furnishings

Men's Negligee Shirts, cuffs attached, in plain and fancy cambrics. Prices, each, \$1.00 to \$2.00
Men's Balligan Underwear, satin trimmed, pearl buttons, special seats. For suit, \$1.00
Men's Leather Belts, Black or Tan, 50c to \$1.00
Black Cashmere Socks, seamless, fast color 3 pairs for \$1.00

Pants

Tweeds and Worsted \$2.00 to \$6.00
Fine Serge Trousers, blue or black, per pair \$5.50

Boys' Suits

Lion Brand Suits, sizes 20 to 33. Special price \$5.00
Childs' Suits, sizes 22 to 26. Price \$2.20 to \$4.00

COTS

SPRINGS

IRON BEDS

MATTRESSES

Men's Light Cloth Caps

Twenty doz. latest Shapes, Patterns and Colors. Your choice for \$1.00

Ready-to-Wear Suits

Tweeds \$7.50 to \$20.00
Serges \$10.00 to \$25.00
See our special Blue Serge Suit at \$10.00—it's a hummer.

Kitchen

Tables

Of Solid Birch Legs and top, fitted with Drawers. The legs are made so as to be removable by using screw bolts in each corner. 4ft. long, 30 in. wide \$4.50
6 " 30 " 6.50
6 " 36 " 7.00

Groceries

Wagstaffe Jams, Marmalades and Sealed Fruits. Kitchener Canned Fruits and Vegetables are the best. Try Kitchener Sifted Peas at 15c, you will find them better than the French Peas at 25c a tin.

Hosiery

This is a snap. Ten dozen fast black Cotton Hose, 8 1-2, 9 and 9 1-2, two pairs for 25c

W. L. Ouimette General Merchandise

• Advertise

In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

Lille Jottings

MARRIED:—On August 2nd, Sam Glausette, to Mary Gramache.

The school house here is to be furnace heated, and workmen are now engaged in connection therewith.

Letter boxes are to be installed in the post office here, which will be a great convenience to the post office officials as well as the general public.

Several Lille friends journeyed to Blairmore for the opening of the new Baptist church, and were agreeably surprised to find such a handsome building. Great credit is due the builders, Fraser & Sinclair, and also Mr. Cheshire, the building inspector, for the way the work has been carried out. We trust that the Blairmore people will show their appreciation of the work done by Rev. James Sargent by attending the services regularly.

BASEBALL

Hosmer played Coleman and Coleman played Hosmer and the score was 10-2, leaning towards Hosmer.

WHERE SMOKE IS SMOKE

Down in some of the Kootenay towns the smoke effects the character of the citizens. Every thing points that way. Smoky clothes, smoky eyes and smoky words are in order.

The town council, the school board and even the churches have symptoms of smoke poisoning. On one occasion a stranger was walking down the street after visiting the smelter, and a speck of sulphur lay on his shoulder. The Mayor with a swollen eye saw him approach. Instantly he left his moorings and ran to him with an uplifted fist smote on the brow.

The stranger, indignantly, had his mantle before the court. The defendant put in the plea of lese mageste and the judge after several seconds of cool thought dismissed the case claiming that the evidence was conclusive and almost as fire-proof as a plea of the "unwritten law." He lives where its smoky.

The school board had to hire a teacher, there had \$100 for salary and \$10 for funds for effervescing smoke gables. Bright school board that.

And so on.

Moral—If you have to sleep with smoke don't eat it.

F. W. HEALY'S SHOWS ARE GOOD

Frank W. Healy's San Francisco Opera Company which has just completed one hundred and sixty one consecutive weeks of success will soon be in Coleman. All opera loving people should read this announcement with great pleasure as Mr. Healy's company always puts on splendid plays.

One of the most interesting, humorous and pleasing of musical comedies, or rather comic operas, yet put on by this company is that of "The Strollers." This little opera is in three acts, and concerns a stroller and his wife, "the strolleress" who get in jail for alleged thefts, and their adventures afterwards as the Prince De Bonisley. The staging for three acts will be a genuine surprise, the second act shows a mountain hotel with mountain scenery, and the third gives a splendidly carried out representation of great gardens with tall terraces, Teddy Webb, as the "stroller," has the star part of the play.

BOTH SIDES SATISFIED

(Special to the Miner)
OTTAWA, Aug. 9.—The labor department has received the report of the joint committee in the Hillcrest mines dispute. It is satisfactory to both sides and stands for industrial peace in British Columbia coal fields for a period.

FIRE HALL

The Fire hall is completed on the exterior and is a splendid addition to the public buildings of the town. Work on the interior will be completed by next week.

From Moyle Leader:—Some people are born ugly, and some make themselves ugly by worrying over their own and their neighbors' affairs.

"You seem troubled, Mrs. Black. What's the matter?" Asked the minister of the gospel of a perplexed looking woman who was gazing apprehensively up the street. "Well, yer see, sir, my husband goes to the football match Saturday's on if Coleman 'riss' 'e get drunk, 'an if they lose he comes 'ome 'an beats me. Now, I 'ear today's match is drawed, and I dunno what to expect."

Happenings at Blairmore

Don White is building a fine new house.

H. E. Lyon has opened a real estate office here.

F. T. Mercier went to Macleod on Wednesday.

A large seam of coal has been opened at the mine here.

H. E. Lyon and A. McLeod went to Macleod on Thursday.

Several new houses are being built in the Polletier addition.

Chas. Chestnut, superintendent of mine is building a new house for his own use near the residence of Mr. Budd.

Mrs. James Douglas left for the coast on Thursday and will spend a week visiting friends at Vancouver and other points.

The Post office is now in the building adjoining the Mercantile. One hundred new lock boxes will be installed this week.

C. L. Remeau, manager of the West Canadian Collieries, left for France on Monday, with his family, for a two months' vacation.

The baseball match between the married and single players Tuesday evening, resulted in a win for the bachelors by a score of 7 to 9. Four innings were played.

Dr. O'Hagen and family left for Spokane this week where they will reside in the future. Their many friends were sorry to see them leave but are glad to see the doctor forging ahead in his profession.

Robert Christie, who has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism all the winter, is now improving and is now doing a boot and shoe repairing business. Orders left with him will receive prompt and careful attention.

R. Christie desires to thank the employees of the cement plant of Blairmore and other friends for their sympathies in his illness. And in the handsome present they have so kindly sent him on the occasion of his leaving for Scotland.

The Board of Trade meeting held last week was largely attended and much business was transacted. The cemetery trouble was discussed and the matter will be laid before the federal authorities. The "red light" district also caused a good deal of discussion and the matter of their removal will be dealt with at a citizens meeting which is to be held on Thursday, 12th inst.

Warm days, cool nights, green grass, waving grain, favorable conditions for dairying and the horse laying every day, combined with ideal weather, constitute present attractions in Sunny Alberta. Its worth while taking a look into this country.—Pincher Creek Echo.

NOTICE

This is to inform the public that I will not be responsible for any further debts incurred by my wife since she has deserted my home.

Antoine Gaidoux,
Blairmore, Alta.

A NEW LABOR HALL

T. W. Davies is erecting for J. & P. Plouy a large hall above and to the rear of the butcher shop. It will be used mostly by the new Canadian union as they have had difficulty in securing quarters.

FOR SALE

A good quarter section for sale or exchange for cattle. One mile and a half from Burnis Station. Apply to, Thomas Tibbs, Coleman, Alta.

NOTICE

All births must be registered within thirty days. By order.
D. J. McIntyre,
Registrar.

T. W. Davies

Carpenter and Builder of
Coleman

Wishes to thank his many friends for their kind patronage in the past and also wishes to inform the residents of Coleman and Blairmore that he has been induced to put in a stock of Caskets and will in future be prepared to undertake all arrangements for Funerals

Headquarters

For the Finest

Quality
of Drugs

Beef, Iron and Wine (Myals)

Call at our new and up-to-date Store

Everything in Stationery and Post Cards at

H. A. Parks

Telephone 106

Calls up the

West End Livery

Where you get the best turnout in the town

Double and Single Drivers and easy gaited Saddle Horses

Wood always on hand

Sole local Agents for McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co.'s coal

Contract and Heavy Team Work a Speciality

We are here to please the people and all we ask is a trial, no matter how small—"No order too big, none too small."

Miller & Sanvidge

Mid Summer Sale

Twenty per cent Discount off all White Shirt Waists for this week
See our tables of Shirt Waists at 50c, 75c, \$1

We have just received a shipment of travellers' Samples consisting of Childrens' Dresses, in all colors and sizes. Also boys' Wash Suits and odd Blouses. We offer these at less than the regular wholesale price.

See Our Men's Two-Piece Suits

We offer \$12 Suits for \$9, \$10 Suits for 7.50. These are strictly up-to-date and the correct thing for the warm weather. Better secure one* before they all go.

Coleman Mercantile Co.

Dealers in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Flour and Feed

Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in
The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking Coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the
Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.

Limited

High-Class Work

If it is a high-class job you want than send it to the Job Department of the Coleman Miner where it will be promptly executed.

HER PICTURE CARD.

It Brought About an Understanding Between the Lovers.

By ANNETTE DUMOIS.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"It's kind of lonesome since pa died, but I can't seem to make up my mind to Silas some way."

The speaker had a worried look in her bright blue eyes as she dropped a fresh batch of doughnuts into the frying pan, saying, "Just six or no more, say I, an' then they won't soak fat."

"Your doughnuts certainly do come out just right, Sophrony," said the little dressmaker as she snapped her thread with a twist of her finger.

"Seems as if I could not work half so fast since I got these store teeth an' can't bite off my thread any more. Silas is forehanded an' well meanin', though he ain't as handsome as some."

"Oh, I don't mind red hair myself," replied Sophrony unblushingly, "but—"

"It's true you was gettin' settled," persisted the dressmaker. "You never was cut out for an old maid."

She eyed Sophrony's comfortable curves with appreciation. "Let's see—you're thirty, come August. You was born the day our Betsey had them twin calves—dreadful cute little critters they was. One had a white ring around his eye. Now, if you was little an' skippy, like me, you'd be a proper old maid."

Her black eyes twinkled behind the gold bowed specs as she continued: "I don't never felt the loss of a man yet. He'd be wot would the rocker just when Marcus Aurelius had to be it." (Marcus was the spoiled Angora.)

"I calterate I've had two chances, though leastwise one of 'em was an out an' outer; the other was a seafarin' man, so I aint no know. No, Sophrony, I've got two already," declining the tempting circles, "but I mustn't take a drop more tea. Too bad Sam Jenkins got

when you came, Miss Perkins. Every-body says you're the village comfort, anyway," said Sophrony. "I wish I had your pompadour. You keep your hair wonderful well," she gazing admiringly at the wavy gray hair.

"Nonsense!" with a pleased frown, however. "The Perkinses all have good heads of hair. There in some families, I guess."

"I know just what she'll pick out," soliloquized the spinster on her way home, "with doves in it. That ain't what a man wants who's all stove up an' got the grumps. I will I vum!"

The little dressmaker retraced her steps to the place of opportunity, where she carefully scanned the stock of cards. Finally her eye lighted on the picture of the "Minstreling Angel."

"It's just the ticket," she chuckled. On a drowsy couch reclined a young man, and a young woman was offering him a plate of most impossible looking fruit with an air of tender solicitude. The motto read:

"I fain would soothe thy wearied hours With all a woman's powers. But come again—poor, lonely night—To leave a loving maid."

Miss Perkins wrote something on the card and finally affixed a one cent stamp.

"There, I guess that'll set him to thinkin' anyway."

After tea Sophrony sat by the window knitting in the dusk when she saw Marcus Aurelius go by.

"She won't get away from there for an hour. Miss Parks is an everlastin' talker," commented Sophrony. "I've a half mind to run over an' inquire, just neighborly like. It might be in the attic room with Louisa."

With fast beating heart the girl whipped her best pink shawl around her and started out. Sure enough, Sam was in the easy chair with his crutches on the floor beside him, and Louisa, his twelve-year-old sister, was doing gams. Sophrony could see them through the window as she tiptoed up the gravel path.

"Come in," Sophrony shouted the young man as he caught the sound of her voice in the hallway.

"My," whispered Louisa, "he ain't seen nobody since he was hurt."

Sophrony trembled, but said cheerily, "Hello, Sam!" in her usual fashion. As Louisa disappeared after a pitcher of cider in hospitable manner Sam leaned forward with a nervous flush on his thin face as he asked hurriedly, "Sophrony, did you send me a picture card?"

"Mebbe I did an' mebbe I didn't," answered the girl nervously, laughing and blushing.

"Don't fool, Sophrony. Quit it. Did you?"

"Yes, Sam," she replied, sobered up by his earnestness.

"Did you mean it?" he demanded. Sophrony looked bewildered. What was the motto? She could not remember. She had just picked out a "pretty" one, as the dressmaker had surmised. It would do no harm to say "Yes" anyway.

"Did you, Sophrony?" he persisted. "Would you put up with a man who has only one leg?"

"Indeed, I would if it 'twas you, Sam," replied Sophrony honestly.

"Come over here, my girl," entreated Sam, holding out his arms longingly. All his shyness seemed to have disappeared.

Sophrony went and knelt beside his chair, and as his arms closed around her Sam said, "if it hadn't been for this blessed card—I'd never have had the courage to ask you."

Sophrony caught her breath sharply as she looked at it. "Oh, Sam, then she hesitated. "I never sent that one, but," she added hastily as she read the verse, "I would have if I'd seen it. I think it's just lovely."

Sam drew the pretty, blushing face against his shoulder again. "Well, it's all right, then. But, see here, are you willing to leave the corner. Who do you suppose sent it?"

"It's that blessed little dressmaker," said Sophrony, with a flash of comprehension.

"Land o' Gooshen! I guess there'll be a wedding in this family 'fore long-teeth," giggled Louisa from the doorway, almost dropping the pitcher of cider in her excitement.

"I just guess there will," replied Sam masterfully.

Waked Them Up.
It is related of an eccentric chaplain to a foreign court that he became so annoyed in consequence of his audience, or, rather, congregation, making a practice of going to sleep during his sermons that he resorted to the following "awakening" expedient. In the midst of one of his sermons he drew forth a harmonica from his pocket and began to play. The one or two who were still awake, astonished to see such a performance in a pulpit, awoke those who slept, and pretty soon everybody was lively as well as being filled with wonder. This was the preacher's opportunity, for he at once commenced a most severe castigatory discourse. In the course of which he said, "When I announce to you sacred and important truths you are not ashamed to go to sleep, but when I play the fool you are all eyes and ears."

No One to Run It.
The agent had dwelt eloquently and at some length upon the superior merits of the heater he was trying to introduce into the homes of Raymond, but the woman at the door had looked thoughtfully into the distance, aware of his compelling eyes, as she listened.

"Who," said the agent at last, "a child could run that heater."

"We have no children," said the woman conclusively as she shut the door and locked it. Youth's Companion.

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THE DISPOSSED HEART.

FAIR Mabel had a dainty waist. A triumph of the fashioner's art! But, alas! it was in vain. There wasn't room for Mabel's heart!

The hapless heart was in despair. "I must find somewhere to lodge," it cried. "I've heard a pretty girl will wear her heart sometimes upon her sleeve."

But Mabel's sleeve hung like a skin. To Mabel's sorrow, no one would wear her heart's secret. It looked about in vague alarm.

"Well, well, I must try other routes. Of little made I've heard it said. Orson's heart was in their boots." And downward then it quickly sped.

"Ah, this place," said the heart, "I choose." It found no room to beat—The little pump-leather shoes. So snugly fitted Mabel's feet.

Now, thought deep fear the poor heart smote. It thought: "Sometimes a girl can sing because her heart is in her throat. I do believe that's just the thing."

To Mabel's lovely throat it stole. But once again—poor, lonely night—it failed to reach its longed-for goal—its throat!

The desperate heart, despairing, sighed: "There's no place left but Mabel's hat. Ah! I'm saved!" with joy, it cried. For there was room for it on that!

—Carolyn Wells in Saturday Evening Post.

The Kind.



"I want some cigars for my husband, please."

"Yes, madam. What kind?"

"I don't quite know but he's a small man and always dresses in black."

Billy's Predicament.
Slater Bessie came running home from the church bazaar in breathless excitement.

"Oh, mamma," she panted, "Billy met with an accident down at the bazaar."

"Dear me!" sighed the mother. "What mischief is he in now? I declare he's a little plump!"

"Oh, but he won't be so plump now. He's sugar coated. He just fell into the tub of soft molasses taffy."—St. Louis Republic.

Awakened Sympathy.
"When the balmy zephyrs come stealing over the scene," said the young man with feathery hair, "doesn't it make you feel kinder toward human nature to dream of being on the moonlit lake with your light guitar gawking the echo with song?"

"It does," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "It makes me feel kinder than I did before toward the fellow that rocks the boat."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Crusty Bachelor.
Crusty Bachelor—Yes, since I have been in this hotel, surrounded by so much beauty, I have carried a rabbit's foot."

Pretty Girl.—Ah, in the hope of winning some congenial partner."

Crusty Bachelor.—No; to keep me from falling a victim.—Chicago News.

The Safest Way.
"You never show your age?"

She blushed prettily.

"Well, I'm sure," she said, "it's kind of you to say so."

"You," resumed the older woman, closing the family Bible. "It's been scratched some time, hasn't it?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Frayed Frederick.—Here's a ole sayin' dat every guy is de arkeriest up his own fortune.

Tattered Theodore.—That's right. By deil 'kerme!—see 'ere I've built up a colossal pile dat jooks like twenty-free cents.—Boston Transcript.

Hurried It Up.
"Didn't you promise to her sooner than you expected?"

"Yes; but you see, old man, I didn't want to exhaust all my topics of conversation before we were married!"—New York Life.

Letting the Cat Out.
Grinning, make a noise like a true, old-fashioned little Tommy.

"What for, my son?"

"Why, papa says that when you croak we'll get \$5,000.—Success Magazine.

The Difference.
Knicker—Why the dickens has it taken you an eternity to dress?

Mrs. Knicker—And when I took you five years to propose I said, "This is so sudden."—New York Sun.

WIDOW PLIMPTON'S ANSWER.

She Had Waited a Long Time For the Question.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Gilbert Butler, whitened softly as he strode along the road that bright May morning. When the white gate of the Plimpton farm gleamed in the distance he paused for a brief instant, and the white gate died away into silence.

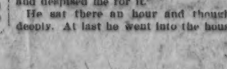
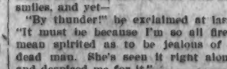
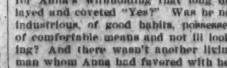
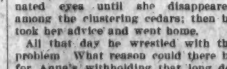
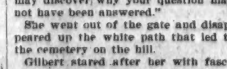
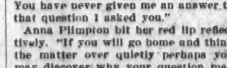
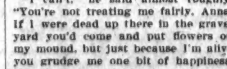
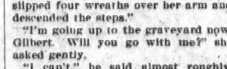
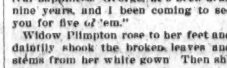
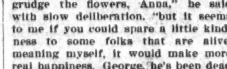
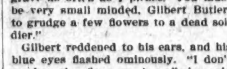
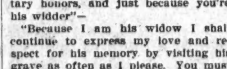
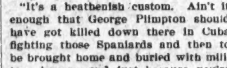
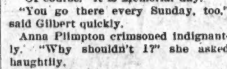
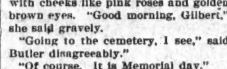
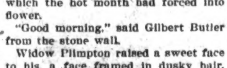
"She loves me. I know she does. It's nothing but sheer contrariness to keep me dangling along. I swear I'll settle this matter today or—"

Gilbert paused and swallowed hard. Then his big brown clutched that fell to his side and he resumed his walk.

The Widow Plimpton sat on the step of the side porch, making flower-brown wreaths of yellow-eyed daisies, dark green ivy and box, an armful of purple lilies, a mass of syringa blooms and a few very early roses which the hot month had forced into the ground.

"Good morning," said Gilbert Butler from the stone wall.

Widow Plimpton raised a sweet face to his, a face framed in dusky hair.



and opened the door of the sitting room.

In the square bow window luxuriating in the waning sunlight were Aunt Heppy's calla lilies. Twelve stately plants they were, and each one bore two snowy blossoms, twenty-four in all. Aunt Heppy had nursed them tenderly all winter, and now—they were revealing their beauty.

Deliberately he drew out his knife and cut the lilies from the plants. As he turned away with his arms full of the long stemmed beauties the door opened and Aunt Heppy's horrified eyes fastened upon him.

"Gilbert Baker, are you crazy?" she shrieked.

"I guess I am," said Gilbert dryly as he reached into his pocket and drew forth a five dollar bill. "I've got to have these, Aunt Heppy. You take this money—the sewing society's seen the lilies anyway—you won't miss 'em."

He was gone, and Aunt Heppy sank into a chair and looked dazedly from the five dollar bill over to the denuded plants in the window.

"For the land's sake! The boy's crazy," she ejaculated at last, tucking the money away in her pocket.

Just as the red sun dipped behind the high country hills Gilbert Baker, toiled wearily up the white path. In his arms he held a rude wooden cross, to which he had clumsily tied the calla lilies. Some of the snowy bloom was mangled by his awkward fingers, but the patient labor had not been in vain, for at a little distance the white cross shone a lovely symbol.

The cemetery was deserted. Over in the Plimpton plot he saw a glimpse of purple flowers and slowly made his way into the space inclosed in a hedge of arbutus vines.

On the low grassy mound were laid Anna's offerings—wreaths of daisies and box, syringa and ivy, purple lilies and evergreen. A little flag was stuck in an iron standard at the head of the young soldier's grave.

Gilbert solemnly laid the cross on the other emblem. "I made a cross because he was Episcopal," he muttered softly.

When he straightened up his startled eyes looked straight into the soft brown ones of Anna Plimpton.

"I—I didn't know you were here. I thought everybody was gone," he said awkwardly, fidgeting with his hat.

"I came back to look at it again," she said softly. "What a beautiful cross! Did you make it, Gilbert?"

He nodded curtly. "I took your advice, Anna, and thought I'd come over, and I wanted to show it to you."

"You have done a very nice thing," she said. "I am sure it is a beautiful cross. Did you make it, Gilbert?"

"Yes," he said. "I made it because I am a low down, jealous minded fool. I didn't feel quite right after that day, and I wanted to show it to you."

Anna came and stood beside him. "I have been sorry you felt that way about me," she said. "I am sure it is a beautiful cross. Did you make it, Gilbert?"

"What is the reason, then?" he demanded.

"Because—because you have never asked me any question that I could answer, Gilbert," she half sobbed. "You have been so kind and so good to me, but that is not the reason why I have never answered your question, Gilbert."

"What is the reason, then?" he demanded.

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FOR THE BUNGALOW.

The Furnishings Should Be Simple, Artistic and Inexpensive.

COLOR SCHEME IMPORTANT.

In Floor Coverings an Arts and Crafts Square Is Very Satisfactory For Living or Dining Rooms—Mission Chairs and Danish Hangings Effective.

For furnishing a bungalow there is plenty of simple, inexpensive furniture available, and it only requires a little thought on the part of the owner to make her rooms comfortable and cozy. Next to simplicity of design, harmony of color is the most important consideration. In a living room hung with Japanese grass cloth in a light green shade or tinted a soft brownish gray the cushions of the armchairs and window seat should be of dark green or some other equally good contrasting color.

The illustration shows a charmingly furnished living room. The walls are hung in dark green grass cloth, and the woodwork is stained white. The fireplace at one side of the room is constructed of red brick laid in white mortar, and the narrow mantel above is stained to match the woodwork. Simple white muslin curtains shade the long, narrow windows, which open outward, and a few prints and a small mirror adorn the walls. The couch and chairs of polished hard wood, with rattan backs and seats, are fitted with cushions covered with denim in tones that harmonize with the wall hangings. An arts and crafts desk and stool, painted white, stand in one corner, and four small tables serve as receptacles for magazines and various knickknacks. A large rug in shades of green and red is placed before the fireplace and adds a note of brightness to a very pretty whole.

In the choice of floor coverings for the bungalow there is a variety supplied to choose from. For the living room a

color, and the rug upon the floor should be of corresponding tones, but light, fadeable tints should never be employed in conjunction with such a wall treatment.

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brethren made welcome.

J. A. PRICE, W.M. A. M. MORRISON, Sec.



Coleman Lodge, No. 38 meets every Monday
at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren welcome.
H. CLAYTON, N.G. R. B. BUCHANAN, Sec.



Knights of Pythias, Castle

Hall, Sentinel Lodge

No. 25

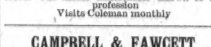
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Prompt and courteous at-
tention always assured.

Main Street, Coleman

E. Spry & A. E. Knowles
General Blacksmiths and Dealers

In House Paints, Build-
ing Papers, Nails, Patent
Roofing, Wagons, Denu-
erate, Farm Implement etc.

Situated Opposite the Tipple

The Largest Watch - Repair Trade in the Crows Nest Pass

Official Time Inspectors for the
Great Northern Railway at Michel

If you have a good Watch, you will find it economical to do it up in a parcel and mail it to us and have no botch work done on it. The "make" of your watch does not matter and our charges are no higher than others for FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Vanguard 23 Jewels. Movement
in Fortune 20Yr. case, price \$40

Somerton Bros.

Frank Blaimore Michel

Palmer & Thomson

BARRISTERS, ETC., NOTARIES
PUBLIC

Solicitors for the Canadian Bank of
Commerce

PINCHER CREEK AND BLAIRMORE
Attend Blaimore every Thursday and
Friday

J. Holmes

Harness and Shoemaker

Ice Cream, Fruit, and all
kinds of Cake for sale here

Notice to the Public
I take this opportunity of informing
the residents of the Pass that I am
prepared to collect accounts, rents,
etc. Anything in this line entrusted
to me will receive prompt attention.
Commissioner for taking affidavits.
House and shacks to rent.
H. GATE, Coleman

Oats! Oats!! Oats!!!
Oats for sale at \$35.00 per ton. By
M. G. GORDEN,
Lundbeck, Alta.